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SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

Graduation Issue 1931

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The Editorial Board wishes to thank the students for the generous response to our contest for material.

We regret that we were unable to print many contributions because of the lack of space.

We also thank the advertisers, through whose generosity it was possible for us to publish THE CHIMES.



THIS MINIATURE CRAZE

Donald W. Parsons, '32

This old world of ours seems to have gone completely miniature. Large and awkward things have been replaced on the market by things small and compact. The women call them "cute," but they seem childish. Styles have changed from the gross to the petite. For example, is the man who drives a big car in fashion? No the man in style is the man who drives that cute little Austin. In the society of dogs it is not the large wolfish-looking dogs who are the expensive dog-meat, but the small Pomeranians whose price often runs up into hundreds of dollars per pound. The golf craze in its Tom Thumb form is a sensation in itself. Its rapid rise to popularity far surpasses that of real golf, although its permanence is unreliable.

If these things are true, what is the cause, and what will be the final results? This condition may be due to the fact that people in general have come to believe in the old saying, that the best things come in small packages, but as for the ultimate results, they are a matter of speculation, and one opinion is as good as another.

WINTER'S END

Ruth Reardon, '32

The air is full of the clamoring of the forth-coming spring. The ground is moist and soft. The trees, bushes

and all other types of shrubbery, are budding and peeping forth with an air of the greatest arrogance. The birds in the trees are twittering their early verses for spring. All in all Nature is having a charmed reincarnation. The snow seems aged and desolate lying about the sodden earth in small and insignificant patches. The sky in the mist has a beautiful hue of the golden and reddish sunset which is about to peep forth in the early dusk of evening. Winter, with all its glory and glamour, has fled and hidden in the depths of nowhere, while spring is just bursting forth in her new costume of brilliant color. Doesn't such a description make you feel as if you'd like to roam the woods for hours at a time and see with your own eye nature at its best?

FIRE !!!

George Lowell, '31

From a window set in the gray somber walls of the towering tenement house, a microscopic line of black smoke curled upward toward the star-studded sky.

It was midnight and the still crisp February night hung like a blanket over the sleeping city. The gray walls of the tenement house had stood for half a century on the outskirts of the thriving city. It had always been considered as a firetrap with its numerous, narrow, twisting stairways, its small rooms, and poorly constructed fire escapes which were now packed with boxes, newspapers, and other useless articles that the tenants had piled on the fire escape stairs in order to get rid of them. And now the inevitable had come!

The stream of black smoke lengthened and widened, still floating upward where it was blown here and there by the air currents. Steadily, minute by minute, the smoke increased in volume and from somewhere within the building a faint glow could be seen, while at the same time a crackling like that of distant rifle fire was heard.

Now the smoke is pouring steadily from the fourth-story

window and in the background red flames leap and stretch their fiery tongues along the tindery floors.

But look! A passerby has seen the smoke and has turned in an alarm.

The tenants have also discovered the fire and soon they come streaming out of the burning house, grasping what few personal belongings they have had time to snatch up.

Far down the road comes the sound of the approaching fire engines. With sirens screeching, they swerve around the corner and pull up beside the doomed house, which by now is vomiting flames from windows and roof.

Quickly the firemen couple hose to the nearby hydrant and before long several streams of water are being directed upon the flames. Ladders are run up to the floors above the street. Fortunately all occupants have fled from the burning quarters and are now safely in the street below.

By this time the interior of the structure is a seething volcano of flames. Entire floors give way as the flames eat through the joists and supporting timbers. The building is doomed and the only thing the firemen can do is to prevent the fire from spreading.

In another half hour the four walls collapse and the house is nothing but a red hot pile of ashes. The last flame is put out and the pile is reduced to a smouldering mass of charred timbers and white ashes. Thus, another house and another fire-trap is reduced to embers.

And soon, in the place of that old, rickety, death-trap, there will be a modern brick apartment house which will further beautify the city.

CHIMES

Dorothy Studley, '34

C is for cheerfulness, which leads the way.

H is for happiness, as we all say.

I is for ideals toward which we all aim.

M is for motives that lead to fame.

E is for editorials, some are a "wow."

S is for sense, we've all got it, "And How!"



PETER'S LAND

Eleanor D. Kent, '32

Would the whispers never stop? Must they go on forever and forever? Peter knew the whispers were what was killing his mother. He was young, but he could understand this. And he, who worshiped his beautiful mother, was wild to protect her from the tongues of the world, those serpents that so harmed sensitive victims.

Sometimes Peter went down the steep mountain path to the village, on some errand or because of a natural longing to be among people, to play with boys and girls his own age, and watch the busy trades-people about their work. But these trips only brought him sorrow and hatred for his own kind. For there were always the whispers, "That's her son," or "They say she was born in slums and you couldn't expect her to be decent, but I guess his money had a lot to do with it."

After one of these trips to the village Peter had asked his mother why the people talked so. But she had only told him that whatever he heard he mustn't believe any of it because she had never done wrong and could face God with clean hands and an open heart. She had told him that when he was older and better able to understand, she would explain everything to him but until then he must love and trust her as before.

When, a year and a half later, Mrs. Barlow died, she had not yet explained the gossip to Peter. But that faithful little boy remembered how she had told him to love and trust her.

Indeed how could he help doing his? She was his goddess, beautiful, and kind, and good as any saint. Sometimes he thought he could almost see her sitting by the fire where she had sat on stormy nights, reading to him about brave men and women who had sacrificed their lives and happiness for mankind. He could hear her telling him he must be brave and true for truth's sake, and kind because Jesus had taught kindness and love. Oh, who could doubt that she was good?

Nearly three years passed and during that time Peter, who lived alone with his servants and old tutor, had not been known to visit the little village in the valley. Yet the whispers persisted and they managed to reach the great, lonesome, mountain home. There was a new whisper too. It went something like this, "They say he has lost his mind since his mother's death; thinks he's a ruler or judge or something."

Yes, a ruler! Peter was a ruler, for the heartsick and lonesome little boy had learned to hate the cruelties and shallowness of humans. He dreamed of an ideal land where kindness and understanding were the only laws, and gossip the worst crime that could be committed. In this land people lived as he and his mother had lived,—sitting by the fire reading wonderful books; or riding horse back up the steep mountain paths and down again into the canyons and valleys where beautiful lush green grass and wild flowers grew. Then to satisfy that longing for their own kind, the people would gather together and talk of their different stories and poems; of their adventures in the hills,—and they would dance and play and be very happy. Everybody in this land would do his best to help others. Every door would be open to strangers and every heart would be loving, cherishing no troubles or dislikes.

Peter, dreaming this, had had a great wall built around the Barlow estates to enclose his lonely kingdom. And curious village boys, peeping over this forbidding wall, had

witnessed the trial of some whispering leaves that had gossiped among themselves. The boys had returned to the village and reported that Peter Barlow had lost his mind.

Then one bright morning some other boys decided to visit the estate and see if they too could get a glimpse of the "crazy boy." They climbed noiselessly up over the wall and sure enough there he was in the garden. He had something in his hand which looked like a wounded bird. The boys watched breathlessly as Peter bandaged the bird's wing. But when Peter turned his face up to the sky and asked, "Mother, do you think he will be all right now?" one of the boys laughed.

Peter's large eyes became bright and his face white with anger when he saw the intruders. He clutched a large stick and ran toward the vanishing boys. He slipped; his head hit a rock and he lay very still until Benjamin, the old tutor, came out and carried him into the house.

He tried to tell Benjamin about it. "Benjamin, do you understand? They were ogres and they came into my kingdom that was built for Mother, just mother, Benjamin, and people like her. That's why I was angry; I didn't want them to spoil it for her, they would frighten her I know."

The child lay a while in the old man's arms. Then he said, "Benjamin, there is an old man, Silas Marner, Mother told me about him, and he had been hurt by those ogres. They whispered about him. I must go back to my kingdom and help him. I must go right away, Benjamin. I must—I—, Mother."

Benjamin's eyes were wet as he laid the dead child on the couch and knelt, with his head bowed in an attitude of prayer. Perhaps he was praying that he too might go to Peter's land.

A young lady entered a stationery store and asked for a can of floor wax.

"I'm very sorry," said the clerk, "but all we have is sealing wax."

"Don't try to be silly," she snapped; "who'd want to wax a ceiling?"

THE LONE SCOUT

Harriet Poland, '34

Toot—toot—toot—toot—etc. "There, mother! How did that sound?"

"Perfect," came the reply. Peggy Dexter, tired out, sank down in a comfortable chair. No one could have practised so faithfully as she had, day after day, on her bugle. She was a lone scout, without a captain, and in no troop. She had to get her Girl Scout training by communicating with other scout leaders. The scouts were holding a contest for buglers and drummers. Tomorrow was the day!

"Where's that polish that I use for my bugle, mother? I can't find it anywhere.—Oh, never mind. I see it. Are you ironing my suit? All right."

Peggy's head was all a whirl with bugles, suits and what not. She was very thankful when it came time for her to snuggle into bed and close her eyes.

* * *

"Wake up, Peggy! Breakfast is all ready for you and it's late."

"Ho-hum! Why don't they make nights longer?"

She ate her breakfast hurriedly, and before long the clear notes of the bugle could be heard from the music room.

"Mother, do you suppose I'll have half a chance, with all the other girls who are so much older and more experienced than I?"

"Of course you will! There's not a girl among them that can play as well as you."

She asked such questions as these as she put on her suit, shined her bugle, and tidied herself. Before she knew it, she was on the train and soon had landed at the building where the contest was to be held! She was frightened when she, alone, went in among the crowd of girls. No one seemed to notice her. Everyone but her had a chum to laugh and talk with.

At last all were seated and everything was quiet. The drummers' contest came first, but she didn't even notice that they were playing at all. Next came the buglers.

"Priscilla Spear!" the judges called. She played the calls selected by the judges, and oh! the applause which greeted her at the end from her fellow-mates. Peggy dreaded the time when she would play and come back with no one to applaud her, for of course she had no troop to be cheered by. Several others went through the same process with loud applause.

"Peggy Dexter!" She trembled as she came forward. She was assigned to play taps. The mellow notes sounded across the arena. Every girl stood at attention. There was no one to cheer her as the others had been cheered. She had come alone. Her heart sank. Again she was commanded to play.

At the final call the whole hall burst into a spontaneous cheer for the lone scout. There was no doubt in the hearts of anyone but that she had won the prize. She, a lone scout, had won the long cherished cup.

THE OLD SCITUATE LIGHTHOUSE

Ruth Spear, '34

The lighthouse stands o'erlooking the sea,
And Scituate of it well proud may be,—
The oldest lighthouse on the shore;
There may be other lights galore;
But its light has saved many men from death;
When close on them was the ocean's breath.
'Twas this tower that hid the "Army of Two"
When the lurking danger was known to few;—
From out behind the granite tower,
Cedar trees making a lofty bower:
Came the sound of drum and fife,
That in old Scituate saved many a life.

Servant: "The Doctor is here."

Absent-minded Professor: "I can't see him; tell him I'm sick."

THE STORM

Excerpts From My Diary, 1931

Helen Spear, '33

Tues., March 3

There's been a strong, blustery wind blowing all the afternoon. Toward evening it began to snow lightly, but as the night progressed, the wind and snow both increased, making a very disagreeable night. As I write this, the wind from the northeast is singing and whistling around the corners of the house at a terrific rate of speed, giving me a weird and unpleasant feeling. If it continues this way much longer, there will be a gale instead of a northeast storm. The tide is almost up over the street now (at 10 o'clock P. M.), though it isn't scheduled to be high until 10.45 P. M.

Wed., March 4

I got up this morning to find that the blizzard was still raging and driving sleet and snow, seemingly, from three or four directions at the same time. On account of the increasing fury of the weather, we were dismissed from school at two o'clock this afternoon. This morning the eleven-foot tide increased to a height of thirteen feet and eight inches and certainly did a lot of damage. It came over the roads at the Sandhills, leaving rocks, sand, and wreckage of various sorts strewn in its path. The foundations of many summer cottages were damaged, and there were dangerous gullies where the tide had washed out sections of the street. It hadn't entirely decreased after school, so we had to take the roundabout way home to our house. Upon arriving there, I immediately dressed in warm clothing and went out to face the gale. I enjoy so much being out in such a storm with the wind and sleet beating up against me! I walked down along Sandy Beach and noticed that the sidewalks had been damaged and much sand had been washed across the street. Many cottages had also been damaged, and already there were many sight-seers out to see the storm and wreckage. But the surf is beautiful!

Great mountainous waves are rolling in and every now and then when one much larger than the rest breaks, it throws spray high up on the beach. The tide washed nearly up to our front steps, and thirty-one inches of water entered our cellar and put out the furnace fire. This storm happened to fall on a full moon and a natural run of high tides, so it is much more furious than it ordinarily would be. Late in the evening, the snow started forming into drifts, whereas before, it melted as soon as it struck the ground.

Thurs., March 5

This morning the sun was shining and it had almost stopped snowing, but the wind was still blowing and the tide was running high. There was no school today, probably due to the uncertainty of the weather. Many summer residents were down to see what damage had been done to their cottages, but many of those who were unable to come down telephoned our house, and we told them the results of the storm—as much as we knew at this time. The sea is mountainous, and while I was up on the beach watching it, the waves washed right across the Point and down into a lower level which we call the “Meadow.” This level lies right in the middle of the peninsula of land known as Light-house Point, and is much lower than the land surrounding it. For about a week after the storm, this “Meadow” was transformed into a pond containing quite a depth of salt water which either seeped through the rocks on the beach, or which was carried over the beach in the form of spray from extra large waves. The fury of the wind threatened to knock me off my feet, and the spray dampened me so that I had to go home and change my clothes. The force of the water also changed the positions of some of the rocks on the breakwater, and one large boulder (Grandfather said that one rock must have weighed at least five tons) was washed to an upright position on the top of the breakwater. It seems unbelievable that the tide can lift such heavy rocks! After lunch I walked around the beach to view the damage done to the cottages. From the Point to Shore Acres as far as I went, there was not a cottage undamaged! On every one, either the roof had been staved in, the piazza knocked down, the under-pinning washed away, or some

of the shingles torn off. The newspapers have been full of stirring items, lately, about the storm, and they reported about \$3,000,000 worth of damage along the coast. When I returned home again, after viewing all that destruction, it seemed a miracle to me that our house was intact while every other cottage along the beach had been damaged. I don't believe there's anything that can do more damage than a strong wind and a very high tide in an unprotected area.

AND THAT'S HOW THE STORY GOES

Marguerite McCaffrey, '33

9.00 *a. m. Doctor to Mrs. Black:*

"Well, Mrs. Black, I'm sure Susie will be all right. She has quite a bad cold, but you needn't worry. You go down to Mr. Snickem's pharmacy and get this prescription filled. Susie will be fit as a fiddle in a few days. Good-by."

9.10 *a. m. Mrs. Black to Druggist:*

"Good morning, Mr. Snickems, I want this prescription filled, if you please. Susie is sick—a very bad cold. It is almost a case of the grippe. Oh dear! It's one thing after another. Good day."

9.11 *a. m. Druggist to his wife, Mrs. Snickems:*

"You upstairs, Emma? Mrs. Black was just in and she said Susie Black has the grippe. Wouldn't surprise me if she got pneumonia out of it."

Mrs. Snickems:

"Land sakes alive! You don't say. I'll have to go over and tell Miss Stubbins. Pneumonia—goodness gracious Agnes! Miss Stubbins can arrange for the Busy Bee Club to send her some fruit."

9.20 *a. m. Mrs. Snickems to Miss Stubbins:*

"Hello, Miss Stubbins, I've got some terrible news. Susie Black has pneumonia. Isn't that awful?" And that is how Susie's bad cold developed into pneumonia in twenty minutes.

FISHING

Selwyn H. Chipman, '31

When the sun has just begun to shoot grey streaks across the horizon, announcing its coming and the start of a beautiful day, the fisherman becomes alert and starts preparations for a long day's hike. The lunch, tackle, and bait packed, he is ready to go, after the speedy and gluttonous devouring of a big breakfast. He dons his coat, picks up his pole and bait box, and is off for the day.

Onward he trudges to the song of birds and the whisper of leaves. He whistles a snatch from some melodious strain as he thinks of the big ones that will lie flopping in his basket before his quest is done.

Onward he trudges, his bamboo pole raising a cloud of dust as it trails along behind him. He swings along jauntily, filled with the spirit and beauty of the surrounding forest and aware of that wonderful sensation of being perfectly burdenless and carefree.

Onward he trudges as the day becomes warmer. Once, he pauses as he sees a deer slipping from view among the softly murmuring trees. Again he pauses as a partridge whirs from beside his path. His trip is an interesting one and he finally arrives at the bank of the stream, where the slap of a beaver's tail announces his coming. He surveys the rippled water with pride and compliments himself on his choice of fishing grounds.

After slaking his thirst with the cool brook-water, he sits on the ground with his back against a tree and contentedly dines on his meager lunch of a few dry sandwiches. The lonely place, its beauty, the brightly blazing sun—all fill him with the desire to tip his hat over his eyes and sleep there peacefully for the rest of his life.

His reverie does not last long, however, for the vicious bite of a little black fly brings him swiftly back to the realization that he must smear his face and hands, neck and ears, and any other exposed part of his being upon which the numerous little pests are so content to dine, with some solution distasteful to the palate of these aforesaid nuisances. This task done, he quickly prepares his tackle and casts his

bait into the deadwater immediately at the back of the beaver-dam. As he gives vent to a yawn and attempts to rub the sleepiness from his half-closed eyes, a sharp tug brings him to his senses and he curses his foolishness at not being ready for the first bite. His desire for a nap is then dispelled for good as he makes up his mind to get the next one, and he quietly and determinedly settles down to catch all the big ones in the stream.

The afternoon passes swiftly in this land of any sportsman's paradise and he moves more swiftly from pool to pool as the sun moves westward on its never ceasing course. He has left the deadwater far behind and with his basket half full moves swiftly down the stream, stopping only at the best pools to try his luck.

After glancing doubtfully from the sun to the stream, he decides with sad resignation that he must remove his hook and hit the "long, long trail."

Homeward he trudges, his basket heavy, his throat dry, but when he thinks of the "speckled beauties" inside, the basket seems surprisingly light and not at all burdensome.

Homeward he trudges, with leaden feet but a light and joyous heart. He remembers how that big one tugged, and the rough and stony trail becomes shorter and smoother as he reflects on the many pleasures that day has held for him.

The sun is disappearing below the horizon as he finally reaches camp. He is tired but happy. He has spent a day that might be justly classified as perfect, and the tired grin on his smeared and dirty face by no means belies his pleasure and satisfaction. A fishing trip such as this always holds something new in store, and the thrills and pleasures of the wilds are more and more appreciated by either novice or "old timer" as he learns of the great outdoors.

Our angler now is at his journey's end—at camp, his temporary home—and there we leave him, thoughtfully gazing into the glowing embers of his dying campfire.

Alex: "Say, why do snow flakes dance?"

Smart: "Practicing for the snowball, I guess."

ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT

Doris Overland, '34

Silver moonbeams were streaming through the trees, those tall, lovely poplar trees that stood firmly silhouetted against the night sky, and hid in their shadows little sylvan glens where queer things happen. The wind was blowing gently, oh, so gently. It swayed the poplars and blew across the hills, making the long fragrant grass rise and fall like the waves of a billowy ocean. It whistled through the branches of the stern oaks and managed to shake the austere elms slightly.

A gay weird spirit captured the night. I felt it as I sat there on a rock watching multitudes of stars twinkle. I glanced at the poplars. They seemed to be smiling.

Faint strains of music—oh, ever so faint—were carried on the breeze. What was the matter with me? I saw, yes, I saw tiny figures on the grass.

I was just wondering whether to blame Virgil or Hamlet for this when a much taller figure jumped out from behind the trees. Unlike the spirits with their dainty little wings and funny antlers, the figure looked quite human.

"Youth," I thought, trying to ignore the fantastic prancing of the sprites, "you are quite crazy to be out on a cold night with only a silly silk blouse and cap with pompons and velvet trousers on."

The fairies began to dance more quickly. The strains of music grew louder. Then wonders upon wonders this wraith of a human began to sing, marvelously, tenderly.

"Youth," I said, unable to think that he might not be a youth, perhaps beginning to believe that I was having hallucinations, "someone could make a Caruso out of you. Come before you catch your death of cold. Come!"

But the playful breeze carried my voice away. I gasped in surprise, for a young maiden was running across the hills. The rash youth was following her. She, foolish thing, was clad like him. The great pompons on their clothes bobbed in the wind that whistled after them. She turned, and I saw that her face was ridiculous. She had

a saucy piquant mouth, large green eyes, and riotous red hair.

"Come back!" I cried feebly. "Come back, you fool with the marvelous voice. Confound this cold wind," I muttered shivering.

Did I hear high squeaky laughs? Were the elves grinning? Were the poplars shaking angrily? Was the moon leering? I felt as though all were looking at me. Did somebody or something say this?—

"Mortal, mortal, mortal, thieving mortal! You steal our glorious night. You sit there and see things you should not see, and, ho, if you don't call after the immortal Pierrot to tell him that someone can make a 'Caruso' out of him. Ho! Ho! You call your graceful Pierrette a fool. You shiver when Pierrot chases her up to the moon! You swear by 'Virgil' and 'Hamlet,' whoever they are, that you are crazy. Get hence, unappreciative, practical, egotistical, boasting mortal."

I was cold. The sky was growing cloudy. I was hungry and sleepy. The moon had disappeared. One lone star twinkled sorrowfully. The wind blew hard. I was sure it was all a dream.

"Virgil" lay open on my desk at home. "Hamlet," thank heaven, was finished. I began to think I had a pretty good imagination. Perhaps I could follow in the footsteps of even Shakespeare; but as I turned before entering the house, I saw that the tremulous clouds had parted, and the sullen moon was glaring at me.

SCITUATE HIGH

Alberta Turner, '34

Scituate High is loved most dear
By all her boys and girls
Toward her our hearts are most sincere
To her our flag unfurls.

Her banner bright of blue and white
Is always flung on high
To her we cling with all our might
Till parting time is night.

MY FRIEND THE MINUTE NEWT

Charles Colman, '32

One balmy day late last May, lured to my log retreat, I discovered to my great surprise that the borers, beetles and what-not in their bewitching agony of spring fever had wrought such vengeance on the chinking of the cabin in their mad rush for the open that they must have forgotten completely to shut the doors to their winter homes. In truth, glowing shafts of life-giving sunlight flooded thru several slits and formed patches of gold on the rough floor. I was not angry with these insects; I was really glad they had filled my cabin with holes. I know how they felt on that glorious day when all the world was waking up and re-birth was everywhere. And I was glad to go down by the bubbling brook to gather the cool moist moss once more to the cheerful tune of the old man in the brook who seemed to bubble out his peace like one bursting over with joy.

I lifted the bulky moss basket from its nail and swung it over my shoulder. Then I wound my way to the brook along the path which was shaded by fresh leaves and bordered with dainty hairbells and pure white anemones. A tiny grass snake wiggled lazily away.

Approaching a more shaded section, I encountered a swarm of pine flies, who lit on my neck and arms in buzzing clusters. But there is one thing about the pine flies which I like, and that is that they are very easy to kill. Whether it is because they have a yellow streak down their back or that the warmth of their favorite weather makes them slow to move as it does me, I cannot say.

Upon arriving at the top of the hill overlooking the brook, I could hear the old man of the brook mumbling to himself, and in a few minutes I was on the good old bridge. I noticed that the cowslips were well gone by and the skunk cabbage was fully knee-high. Just appearing at the surface of the water two fat spatter-dock buds could be seen.

Having arrived at the brook and having taken a slight rest, (it was getting uncomfortably warm) I proceeded to gather the moss (the reindeer moss) which grew in large spongy patches on the banks of the brook.

I was scraping up an extra large handful when my eyes were attracted by a white form which I mistook for that of a caterpillar. I never had seen so white a caterpillar and so I examined it more carefully. To my astonishment I found that it had four tiny legs and a pair of beautiful little eyes which were watching me carefully from beside a stem of moss. I was delighted beyond words, for it was none other than a tiny newt, which I had always wished to see. It was about an inch and one-half long and had a diameter of about three-sixteenths of an inch. Its upper half was a rich reddish brown and its under side pure white. Both its upper and lower sides were covered with a mucous peculiar to the batrachian group. Its legs were very short in comparison with its body and tapered towards the body rather than away. It had four dainty toes on its front feet and five on its hind feet. The tail, which I thought would be long, was stubby and I was led to think that it must have been broken off, but later a new tail grew. The eyes of this newt, I think, excelled in beauty any gem I had ever seen. They were gold around the edges which sparkled with a jet black center like a true gem.

As the newt did not move, I gave it a slight tap on the end of its tail. It gave a leap fully eight times its own length and started on the most ridiculous amble that ever was staged. First it advanced the front leg and the hind leg on the other side, then just the reverse. During this walk its long body, similar to a weasel's, and its tail wiggled in unison. I put it in a ball of moss and, forgetting everything, ran home. I secured the most beautiful mayonnaise bottle I could find and placed the newt and moss in it. Then I added a little water and put the whole on my desk. There I added a little water and put the whole on my desk. There Mr. Newt stayed until the first of September and increased in wisdom and stature upon a diet of air and goodness-knows-what.

One might have asked how this little amphibian could live over three months with nothing to eat. I certainly did not intend that it should starve and so I caught a number of plant lice and small ants and put them in its jar. I do not know whether the newt disliked this bill of fare or found

that its mouth would not open wide enough to get them within. But the fact remains that there was no perceptible loss of life among the bugs. However, the newt seemed to thrive so well that I concluded it must have eaten some minute food which could not be distinguished by the naked eye. I changed the moss every two weeks so that it might get a fresh supply of its invisible food. The newt actually grew a half-inch tail during its stay with me.

The little fellow was great company at my desk. Sometimes I would be led to think that it had escaped it blended so well with the moss, but after a closer examination I would discover it peeping out at me, its long neck arched up like a cobra ready to strike. When I took it from the glass and deposited it on my arm, it would start a race for the concealment of my arm sleeve and often made me burst out laughing with its comical gait.

I was deeply moved when one day I looked for the little fellow and found it dead for I had associated many happy memories with it.

A DESCRIPTION

June Hundrickson, '34

Slower fell the feathery flakes, calmer blew the tempestuous winds, gradually the storm clouds broke, and then a bright silvery moon sailed majestically past the storm-lined clouds up to her celestial abode in the wintry sky. In the shimmering rays, the tall gaunt trees stood darkly silhouetted against the crystal white blanket of snow which had so recently fallen. The wind, still howling, swept through their leafless branches, causing their shadows to look like a spectre host, come from some gloomy underworld to invade the now serene and tranquil earth. Off in a distance only the occasional howl of a lone dog broke the—yes, ghastly silence. But the once radiant, shining moon is perceptibly waning. Her duty is done for awhile. It is now the reign of the golden sun.

HOW THE THISTLE REALLY ORIGINATED

Ellen Russell Bailey, '31

Once upon a time—oh, a long, long time ago when our great-great-grandfathers were little boys—there lived a very lazy little porcupine in an old den at the top of a steep hill. He lived with his father and mother and they loved him greatly, but of course, at times, they got rather exasperated with him and his laziness.

Each morning Baby Porcupine used to take a sun bath on the front door sill while his parents worked hard to get him food and do all their own work besides.

One morning Mother Porcupine was very ill and baby Porky, who was really now almost grown up, had to go down the hill to get his own food and help his father. Father thought that if young Porky *had* to do something it might cure a little of his laziness; but it didn't. Each day he kept moving more and more slowly till one day when he stopped to rest, old Grandfather Crow, who was partly a wizard, came by, and seeing him, said, "Some cold day in the very near future, you'll freeze that way." And a few minutes later when Porky tried to start up the hill, he found that he couldn't move!

He called for help and though Daddy porcupine pulled his hardest,—yes, Porky was rotted to the ground.

Three days later there came a great storm and poor Porky turned purple with cold and in a few hours died.

In the following spring some children were playing in their back pasture when suddenly one, the eldest girl, happened to fall on what was left of poor little Porky. She quickly jumped up but was naturally very curious to know what it was. So she took a bag and a knife and dug up the "funny plant" and took it home. On the way home some of the little spears dropped out and grew up into others of their own kind—though, of course, smaller. These are called "thistles" now, and there are many in nearly every part of the country.

THE PILGRIMS
Priscilla Dunbar, '31

The waves were tossing to and fro
Carrying everything in their wake
While out in the dark green ocean
The sailors seemed to quake.

"A storm is coming," the captain said
"The wind is cold and bleak,
The third since we set out to sea
Another land to seek."

"What have we done to deserve this wrath
Of old Father Neptune, when,
This little band from another land
Set out, a new homeland, to win?"

"Turn back? No never," the captain said,
"Though our goal and our cause be lost."
So all through the night in its sad littl plight
The staunch ship trembled and tossed.

And when morning came and the sun shone bright,
The ship sailed on and on,
And this sturdy band from the other land
Conquered their goal and won.

JUST IMAGINE
Paul Bresnahan, '33

On September 23, 1999 the children of five, six and seven years were inoculated with brain serum, which, as you should know, gives the children their education, immediately and painlessly.

The school where they were inoculated was a very beautiful building having two large halls which were used for the operating rooms on the twenty-third of September each year, and as recreation rooms during the remaining days.

The serum I was telling about is injected three times into the skull of the person. It is harmless, and the skull, being near the brain, acts as a medium for the serum.

Now John Brown was receiving his third inoculation, or in other words, the equivalent of going to the old fashioned colleges for eight years. It must have worked especially fast on him because when he cut his hand, he asked his perplexed mother for "Hexylresorcinol Solution" instead of just plain "S. T. 37."

As it took the serum only a day to work, John started immediately to look for a job. He started out in his "Rolls Rosie," a twenty-four cylinder, one thousand horse-power, four-passenger, convertible sedan. It had a front wheel drive and since it had a two-hundred-inch wheelbase, the front and rear wheels turned at once, making it very easy to park. The body of the machine was all aluminum, with the exception of the top.

John must have explored pretty nearly the whole of Massachusetts when he heard that jobs were in plenty in Mars; so he got out his airplane. This was a four-passenger, low-winged monoplane, propelled by smokeless, flashless rockets, and it would travel at an average of seven ninety miles an hour for a distance of nine or ten billion miles. John claimed it cost about one cent for every two hundred miles to run.

As he had crossed to Mars only four times, he considered himself an amateur. I guess the rumor of jobs being plentiful was all wrong because John couldn't find a job anywhere. However, at the last minute John received a radio call from his father telling him that the president of the "Brown Pickle Factory" had resigned and that his father wanted him to come and fill the vacancy.

We can't but feel a bit sorry for John, who struggled along with so few advantages, trying to make his way in the world.

Life guard: "How much can you carry?"

Applicant: "Two hundred pounds."

Life guard: "Supposing there was a woman weighing four hundred pounds out there in the water drowning; what would you do?"

Applicant: "I'd make two trips!"

MONSTER

Esther Perry, '32

The seething sea is awful
 The way it gnashes and moans!
Each wave weaves a spell of horror,
 And roars like an angry whale.
The boats are lashing in terror—
 Ropes writhing like serpent's tails.
The gulls wail like frightened babies
 And the foam gives the fish up—dead.
Can it be that God, has forsaken,
 In this hour of dread?
The spray dashes to bits a cottage
 And some lover's dream meets its death.
The sea casts up its tribute—
 Seaweed as funeral wreathes.
Then, laughing like gruesome thunder
 It turns and rumbling forsakes.
Leaving a mass of broken souls
 And storm-rack'd homes in its wake.
Now—only a short two days later,
 It's returned to its innocent hue
But, now it is branded—'Traitor!'
 Death lurks 'neath beguiling blue.

MY PICTURE

Dorothy Spear, '34

We were having our pictures taken:
"Smile," said the picture man,
If I were only a senior,
I would smile the best I can.

Three years from now, if I succeed,
A senior I shall be.
And for the picture man I'll smile
For happy, then, I'll be.

SENIOR BIOGRAPHIES



DWIGHT AGNEW Scientific Course
 Treasurer Vocational Guidance Club (3)
 Intended Vocation—Mechanical Engineer.
 From nine until three Dwight lives in the
 "lab"
 For in Physics and Chemistry he loves to
 dab.



FRANCES ALEXANDER College Course
 Secretary of A. A. (1), Glee Club (1)
 (2) (4), Orchestra (1) (2) (3), Minstrel
 Show (1), A. A. Play (2), Basket Ball (2)
 (3), "Double-Crossed" (2), Junior Class
 Play (3), "Chimes" Staff (4), Captain
 Basketball (4).
 Intended Vocation—Nursing.
 Fran Alex's a good sport, slight as a rail,
 She'll ne'er be unhappy for want of a male.



ELLEN BAILEY College Course
 Vice President (4), Treasurer (3),
 "Chimes" Staff (4), Activity Committee
 (3), Junior Play (3), Glee Club (4), Or-
 chestra (3), Music Committee Senior Play
 (3).
 Intended Vocation—Educational Work.
 Ellen is capable, witty and wise
 And at the piano she'll open your eyes.



CLIFFORD H. BLANCHARD Scientific Course
 President Boys' Glee Club (4), Junior
 Class Play (3), Senior Class Play (4),
 Basketball (4), Track (3).
 Intended Vocation—Electrician.
 Now Clifford B. can surely jump,
 As for his car—there's not a bump.

SENIOR BIOGRAPHIES

MILDRED BRESNAHAN Commercial Course
 Glee Club (1) (2) (4), Class Secretary
 (1) (4), A. A. Play (2), "Chimes" Staff
 (3), Business Manager "Chimes" (4).

Intended Vocation—Stenographer.
 "Mil" at business is supreme,
 But on the dance floor she's a dream.



SELWYN CHIPMAN College Course
 Minstrel Show (1), "Double-Crossed" (2)
 Junior Class Play (3), Senior Class Play
 (4), Glee Club (1) (2), Orchestra (1) (2)
 (4), "Chimes" Staff (3) (4), Manager of
 Track Team (3), Basketball (4) Baseball
 (3) (4), Football (2) (3) (4).

Intended Vocation—Doctor.
 There's a sullen silence all about,
 It's a safe guess, Chip's elsewhere without
 doubt.



RUTH DAMON Commercial Course
 "Chimes" Staff (1) (3), Minstrel Show
 (1), "Double-Crossed" (2), Glee Club (1)
 (2) (3), Secretary Senior Girls' Glee Club
 (4).

Intended Vocation—Secretary.
 Ruth is called "Red" here by us all,
 And she's always singing as she goes thru
 the hall.



KATHRYN DORR Commercial Course
 Glee Club (1) (2) (3), Senior Girls'
 Glee Club (4), Minstrel Show (1), "Double-
 Crossed" (2), Ticket Committee Senior
 Class Play (4), "Chimes" Staff (4).

Intended Vocation—Stylist.
 Kate Dorr's a good student, although not
 obtrusive,
 And if you don't know her, she's rather
 elusive.



SENIOR BIOGRAPHIES



PRISCILLA DUNBAR General Course
 Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Minstrel Show (1), "Double-Crossed" (2), Leader of Uke Club (1), Secretary of Vocational Guidance Club (4).

Intended Vocation—Stenographer.
 Although in school she's ever "mum,"
 Priscilla makes the piano hum.



FREDERICK DWYER General Course
 Senior Basketball Team (4), Football (4).

Intended Vocation — Mechanical Engineer.

So quiet and peaceful is "Freddy" Dwyer
 That no teacher's ire does he ever inspire.



FREDERICK GOSEWISCH General Course
 Baseball (1) (4), Minstrel Show (1), Football (3), Basketball (4), Swimming (3) (4), Glee Club (1) (3) (4), President Vocational Civics Club (3).

Intended Vocation—Electrical Engineer.
 Freddie Gosewisch is very athletic,
 His basketball talent is nothing pathetic.



MARJORIE HILL Commercial Course
 Basketball (3) (4), Baseball (3), Junior Class Play (3), Minstrel Show (1), "Double-Crossed" (2).

Intended Vocation—Aviatrix.
 When there's some doubtful escapade
 At Marj's feet the blame is laid.

SENIOR BIOGRAPHIES

ROBERTA HUNTLY Commercial Course
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Minstrel
Show (1), "Double-Crossed" (2).

Intended Vocation—Interior Decorator.
If you should see a flit of orange pass,
That's Roberta, "la petite" of our class.



DOROTHY KNOX Commercial Course
Secretary Sophomore Class (2), Secretary
Junior Class (3), Junior Class Play
(3), Senior Class Play (4), Minstrel Show
(1), Manager Girls' Basketball (3) (4),
Secretary U. S. History Club (4), Senior
Girls' Glee Club (4), "Chimes" Staff (3)
(4).

Intended Vocation—Stenographer.
In managing our class affairs, Det's busy
all the while,
And everyone she haps to meet is greeted
with a smile.



GEORGE LOWELL College Course
Class President (1) (2) (3) (4),
"Chimes" Staff (3), President of A. A. (4)
Football (2) (3) (4), Basketball (1) (2)
(4), Baseball (1) (2) (3) (4), Track
(2) (3) (4), Tennis (2) (3) (4).

Intended Vocation—Physical Education
instructor.

He's president of this and president of that,
And when it comes to play, he's the best
at the bat.



ROXANNA MACALPINE Scientific Course
Senior History Play (4), Glee Club (4).

Intended Vocation—Executive Secretary.
When "Roxy" condescends to sing,
All the jealous birds take wing.



SENIOR BIOGRAPHIES



DOROTHY MACDONALD Commercial Course
Glee Club (3) (4), Committee for Class
Play (3) (4).

Intended Vocation—Art and book critic.
If, out of the stillness a laugh you hear,
You may be sure that Dorothy's near.



JEANETTE NICHOLS Commercial Course
Glee Club (1) (2) (4), Orchestra (2)
Minstrel Show (1), "Double-Crossed" (2).

Intended Vocation—Stenographer.
Jeanette is dependable as she can be,
Her work is all done to the nth degree.



LOUISE NICHOLS Scientific Course
Glee Club (1) (2) (4), Orchestra (1)
(2) (3) (4), Basketball (2) (3) (4), Jun-
ior Class Play (3), Minstrel Show (1),
"Double-Crossed" (2), Music Committee
Senior Class Play (4), Vice President Voc-
ational Civics Club (3), Baseball (3).

Intended Vocation—Nursing.
Loozie, play your violin,
When you play your smiles begin.



HARRIET PIERCE Scientific Course
Minstrel Show (1), "Double-Crossed" (2)
Senior Class Play (4), Secretary Vocational
Civics Club (3), Glee Club (1) (2).

Intended Vocation—Dietitian.
Harry's a good sport—full of fun;
As for her French—that's always done.

SENIOR BIOGRAPHIES

VIRGINIA POLAND

College Course

"Chimes" Staff (3), Editor-in-Chief of "Chimes" (4), "Double-Crossed" (2), Glee Club (3) (4), Orchestra (1) (2) (3) (4), Music Committee Senior Class Play (4).

Intended Vocation—Crafts.

"Ginger's" senior year had hardly begun When she began sending letters to Williston.



JOHN QUINN

College Course

Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Track (4), Minstrel Show (1), "Double-Crossed" (2), Vice President Glee Club (4).

Intended Vocation—Accountant.

Here's "Bravo" Quinn, the voice of our class,

Whose knowledge in history none can surpass.



LUCIAN ROUSSEAU

General Course

Class Basketball (4).

Intended Vocation—Electrician.

Lucy's a long-legged, curly-haired lad.

Don't worry about teasing him, he won't get mad.



ARTHUR SPEAR

Scientific Course

Class Treasurer (1) (3) (4), Class Play (3), Football (3) (4), Basketball (3) (4), Swimming (3) (4), Manager Track Team (4), Baseball (3) (4), "Chimes" Staff (3).

Intended Vocation—Electrical Engineer.

Arthur Spear has brains they say,
He'll knock the world agog some day.



SENIOR BIOGRAPHIES



STANLEY STONEFIELD Scientific Course
Football (3) (4), Basketball (2) (3),
Captain Boys' Basketball (4), Manager
Swimming Team (4), Track (4).

Intended Vocation—Engineer.
Boy! can Stan play basketball!
And can he make the women fall!



MARY STOTT Commercial Course
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), "Double-
Crossed" (2), Minstrel Show (1).

Intended Vocation—Librarian.
Mary Stott, though quiet, adds much to our
class,
A very retiring, demure little lass.



ALDEN TORREY General Course
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Orchestra
(3) (4), Minstrel Show (1) "Double-Cross-
ed" (2), Secretary Glee Club (4), Track
(2).

Intended Vocation—Banker.
Alden at history sure is our star,
And his record for wise-cracks nothing
could mar.



ANNA TUFTS General Course
Glee Club (1) (2) (3) (4), Minstrel
Show (1), "Double-Crossed" (2), Class
Play (3) (4), A. A. Play (2).

Intended Vocation—Dietitian.
If, of an actor you're in need,
Anna'll come running at high speed.

SENIOR BIOGRAPHIES

FRANK VINAL

Scientific Course

Class Vice President (1) (3), Treasurer
History Club (4), Manager Tennis Team
(4), Minstrel Show (1), "Double-Crossed"
(2), Class Play (3) (4), "Chimes" Staff
(3) (4), Glee Club (1) (2).

Intended Vocation—Aviator.

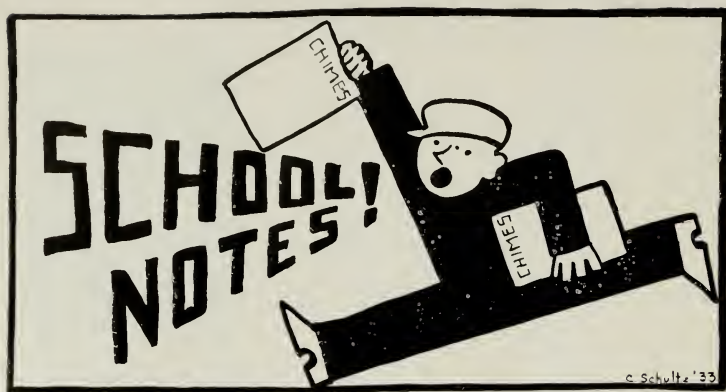
When it comes to his studies, Frank Vinal's a star—

He has nothing but "A's" his record to mar.



Four years we've spent and now we're done
With High School work and play and fun.
And it's always taken the teacher's best
To keep our deviltry suppressed,
Through the four long years that we've been here
They've always had some prank to fear.
Quite meek and mild when Freshmen all
We used to wander in the hall,
But now we're Seniors, me oh my!
No one better can you espy.
From "Freshmen Babes" we've grown to be
As wise as all eternity.
And when an argument is on
We must be right—the others wrong.
At first we used to bone and bone
But now there's never a book at home,
For why should we disturb our "domes"
By studying from some dry old tomes?
We're not so good, the teachers think—
And such a thought sure makes us blink.
But now that we are marvels all
We soon shall leave each room and hall
And take our leave of Scituate High
Where we have heaved so many a sigh.
So farewell, teachers, one and all;
No more we'll wander through the hall.
And may the memory be a pleasant one
Of the Senior Class of thirty-one.

Selwyn H. Chipman, '31



CLASS EDITORS

Kathryn Dorr, '31

Robert Breen, '32

Mary Sweeney, '33

Harriet Poland, '34

September 9—The Senior Class elected the following officers for the coming year: George Lowell, President; Ellen Bailey, Vice-president; Mildred Bresnahan, Secretary; Arthur Spear, Treasurer; Miss Freeman, Adviser.

September 10—The Junior Class elected the following officers: Stanley Murphy, President; Hollis Young, vice-president; Wilmer Burbank, Secretary; Burchill Sweeney, Treasurer; Miss Dudley, Adviser.

September 11—The Sophomores elected the following officers: Paul Young, President; Helen Spear, Vice-president; Marguerite McCaffrey, Secretary; Winifred Bartington, Treasurer; Mr. Hart, Adviser.

September 12—The Freshman Class elected the following officers: Garrison Hall, President; Harriet Poland, Vice-president; Doris Overland, Secretary; Gordon Logan, Treasurer; Mr. Gillespie, Adviser.

September 16—The Girls' Glee Club was re-organized and the following officers were elected: Virginia Cole, President; Rosalyn Stone, Vice-president; Gertrude Glynn, Secretary; Vera Chipman, Treasurer; Activity Committee: Virginia Poland, Anna Tufts, Wilma Burbank, Priscilla Barnes, Marjorie Cole, Elizabeth Stonefield, Harriet Poland, Ann Brophy.

The officers of the Boys' Glee Club were elected as follows: Clifford Blanchard, President; John Quinn, Vice-president; Alden Torrey, Secretary; John Loneragan, Treasurer.

September 18—The Athletic Association was re-organized and the following officers were elected: George Lowell, President; Paul Young, Vice-president; Giertrug Schuyler, Secretary; Miss Dudley, Treasurer.

September 29—The Senior Class, accompanied by Mr. Cole, attended the Massachusetts Bay Tercentenary Exposition at the Commonwealth Armory in Boston.

October 2—Mae Warren entered school as a Sophomore.

October 20—A lecture with pictures, "Pilgrim Land and Old New England Whaling," was given in the Auditorium for the benefit of the Athletic Association.

November 6—We welcomed another Freshman to our school—Grace Chandler.

November 10—The Senior Class presented "The Big Cheese" to a full house at the High School Auditorium.

November 14—The students are to have charge of assemblies at eight different times during the year.

November 24—The students sold subscriptions to magazines in order to earn money for the Athletic Association.

November 24—The Seniors presented their class play, "The Big Cheese," at the Hanson Hospital.

November 26—The Junior Class had charge of the assembly and gave a very fine program.

December 9—The students of the High School were the guests of the Woman's Club in the High School Auditorium where they heard Colonel Furlong tell a thrilling story on the "Passing of the Old West."

December 10—About thirty students met in preparation for the coming Public Speaking Contest.

December 11—We are very glad to welcome another student to our Freshman Class—Daniel Connolly. He comes from a Somerville school.

December 19—The Christmas Assembly was given by the Freshman Class.

January 23—The Seniors presented a very interesting entertainment for the January assembly.

January 27—The Senior girls were invited to attend a meeting of the Woman's Club.

February 13—The Freshman Class presented their program for the month's assembly. It was in honor of Lincoln.

February 20—The Sophomore Class presented a program commemorating the Birthday of George Washington.

March 24—The Junior Commercial Class assembly program was very interesting and instructive.

March 25—Mildred Bresnahan, business manager of the "Chimes" and Stanley Murphy, her assistant, visited many business men of the town to solicit advertisements for the "Chimes."

April 6—A photographer from the Wilson Studio took pictures of the students and group pictures of the various organizations of the high school.

April 8—Virginia Fortier, a Sophomore, entered Scituate High.

WHO IS IT —

That holds her nose a-tilt so high
It really almost meets the sky?

That giggles up and down the scale
And driving by creates a gale?

That really is a corking farmer
As well as one swell lady charmer?

That has a saucy little walk
And sometimes awful saucy talk?

That puts it in the evasive basket
While opponents dream of flowers on a casket?

Whose name is one real dangerous weapon
And whose "it" will surely keep 'em steppin'?

That has always very precisely timed
Just the right moment to have his slip signed?

Whose clamoring ties do make us wonder
If, when an infant, he was struck by some thunder?

Whose yodeling will someday be handy
When dear little Junior yells for candy?

That draws from each boy a big hefty sigh
Then cruelly advises them to curl up and die?

That from great stilts looks down on the world
And using those stilts, his banner's unfurled?

That talks with pep and vim and vigor
Making a high hat feel like a nigger?

That says, "Just a minute please, I don't think"—
And makes the whole class chuckle and wink?

Who taps it with his great big hand
The very best center in all the land?

By Two Observers
(From Long Island)

Hollis: "That driver ahead must be Miss Freeman, my school teacher."

Millie: "Why?"

Hollis: "She seems to be so reluctant about letting me pass."

Here's one for Parsons:

We hear that an enterprising young poultryman crossed his hens with parrots to save himself time. Before this experiment he used to spend hours hunting eggs, but now a hen will walk up to him and say, "Hank, I just laid an egg under the barn."



The Senior class play, "The Big Cheese," which was produced in the early part of November was a big success. After a very good selection by the orchestra, the curtain went up, showing an office scene. The talented actors and actresses of the Senior class were as follows:

Bob Brewster George Lowell

Son of Samuel Brewster

Wallie Larkin Selwyn Chipman

A mighty captain of industry

Samuel Brewster Clifford Blanchard

President of Brewster Cheese Company

Ted Spratt Frank Vinal

Messenger

Doris Bancroft Anna Tufts

Verna Callaway Harriet Pierce

Who can find romance in even cheese

Betty Brewster Mildred Bresnahan

Samuel Brewster's fifteen-year old daughter.

Mabel Hogan Dorothy Knox

"The voice with the smile."

Scene—Law office of Bob Brewster.

Synopsis:

Act I—Morning, early in September.

Act II—The following morning.

Act III—Two days later.

The story was of a young fellow who, to impress his girl friend, borrowed his friend's office, set some boys and girls

to work as secretaries—his friend, a lawyer, as a minor bookkeeper—and played the part of boss himself. A jumble of mix-ups and laughs with a good story to back it up—"The Big Cheese."

* * * * *

The Juniors gave the first of a series of assemblies during the school year. The program was in commemoration of Thanksgiving.

When the curtain opened, the Juniors were sitting in a semicircle and they were certainly a good-looking group.

The president, Stanley Murphy, acted as announcer. The Governor's proclamation was read by Priscilla Barnes; Burchill Sweeney and Donald Parsons showed us that the Juniors were not lacking in oratorical ability; Esther Perry read an original Thanksgiving story and the class sang several songs which received great applause. It was a program of which they should feel proud.

* * * * *

At the Christmas assembly in December, the Freshmen proved to us that they were not "Greenies" when it came to putting over a program successfully. The music was fine, especially that of the orchestra, which consisted of Lorraine Abbott, Jackson Bailey, Lester Gates, Garrison Hall, Gordon Logan, Gerald Schultz.

After an orchestra selection, they continued with the following program:

Scripture Reading: St. Luke	Virginia Vines
"Hark! The Herald Angels Sing"	Freshman Class
Scripture reading: St. Matthew	Ronald Shone
"We three Kings of Orient Are"	
	Freshman Boys' Glee Club
"Jest 'Fore Christmas"	Lester Gates
"O, Little Town of Bethlehem"	
	Freshman Girls' Glee Club
"Cantique de Noel"	Orchestra
"'Twas the Night Before Christmas"	Ruth Spear
A Christmas Greeting from the Freshman Class	
	Doris Overland
"Silent Night, Holy Night"	Entire School
Motion Picture—"A Christmas Story"	

well done, and the costumes were very effective. The program followed a march played by the Sophomore members of the orchestra:

Winifred Bartington, Lillian Turner, Lloyd Turner, Paul Bresnahan, William Ford, Mario Bongarzone, Libero Bongarzone, and Charles Schultz.

Star Spangled Banner Entire School

Welcome Winifred Bartington

Washington the Liberator Elsie Harris

American Hymn Sophomores

George Washington's Fortune (Pageant)

Characters:

Gertrude Glynn

Lloyd Merritt

Francis Stanley

Melli Meschini

Charles Jenkins

Paul Young

Washington Helen Spear

Eligie Orchestra

The Boston Tea Party (Pageant)

Characters: George James, George Vinal, Morris

Poland and William Ford.

* * * * *

On March 24 the Junior Commercial class put on a very humorous but educational play called "Saturday Morning in the Office." It showed mainly how the perfect secretary should act and how she should feel toward her employees and position.

The characters were as follows:

Secretary Esther Perry

Boss Fred Dorr

Secretary Elizabeth Dolan

Office Boy George Flaherty

Applicant Doris Ainslie

Applicant Bernadette Lavoine

Business Man James Cohen

Business Man Herbert Litchfield

The pleasure-loving and lazy office boy was the cause of much hilarity and the flapper stenographer who applied for a position was some steno. Esther Perry, was, indeed, the perfect secretary, while Bernadette Lavoine also was good as a perfect applicant and secretary. Fred Dorr did him-

self justice as the boss, and the business men were typical of the business men of today.

Edna Glynn played a lively and dashing piano selection as an introduction to the play. Between the play and the awarding of some letters Virginia Cole and Marion Harub played a duet.

* * * * *

The April assembly with the Seniors in charge was as follows:

Fife and Drum Selection

Frances Alexander, Mildred Bresnahan,
Frederick Gosewich

Meaning of Patriotism Frank Vinal

Meaning of the Flag Eleanor Kent

Governor's Proclamation George Lowell

Medley of Music Senior Boys

Flag Drill Senior Girls

Pianist Ellen Bailey

Winifred Bartington, '33

Dramatic Editor

Josiah Brush, a traveling man

Who sailed the briny main,

Was Mr. Brush in England

And Senor Brush in Spain,

The Frenchmen called him Monsieur Brush

But the Germans called him Herr Brush

Which filled his soul with pain.

Miss Dudley: "Tom, your essay on 'My Mother' is just the same as your brother's."

Tom: "Yes'm, we both have the same mother."

In Physics—Mr. Gillespie: "Are there any questions now?"

Blanchard: "How do you tell the horse power of a donkey engine?"

Tailor to customer: "How'll you have it, a cuff in the pants and a belt in the back?"

Gosewich: "Say, guy, do you want a sock on the nose?"



THE QUILL, Kingston High. Your personal column was very good. We suggest that you add a joke department. RED AND BLACK, Whitman High. We enjoyed your magazine very much. Cuts or pictures would improve it. STUDENT'S PEN, East Bridgewater. Your department of Play and Book Review is a very good idea. A very interesting book.

DIAL, Plymouth, New Hampshire. You have an excellent literary department.

ECHO, Holbrook, Mass. Your idea of leaving the last two pages for autographs is a good idea.

GRANITE CHIPS, Quincy Junior High. Your magazine is very well organized.

The following papers are gratefully acknowledged:

THE PARROT, Rockland High.

BLUE AND WHITE, Roosevelt Junior High, Altoona, Pa.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE, Athol High.

THE GREEN PARROT, Marshfield High.

THE MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGIAN, Amherst.

THE SPICE BOX, Avon High.

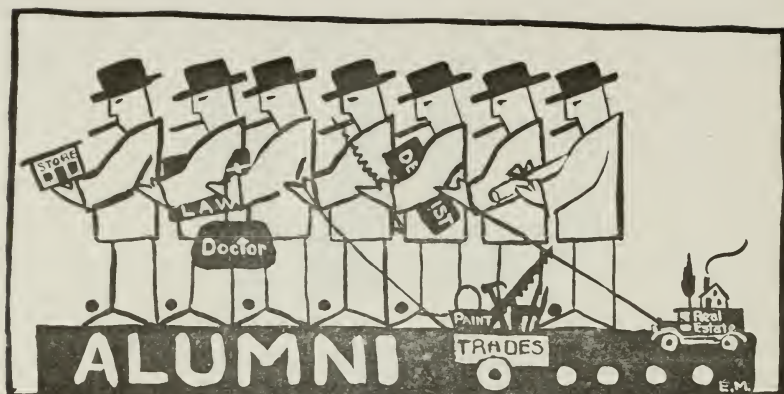
THE ACORN, Oak Cliff High, Dallas, Texas.

HARPOON, Dartmouth High, South Dartmouth, Mass.

Frances Alexander, '31

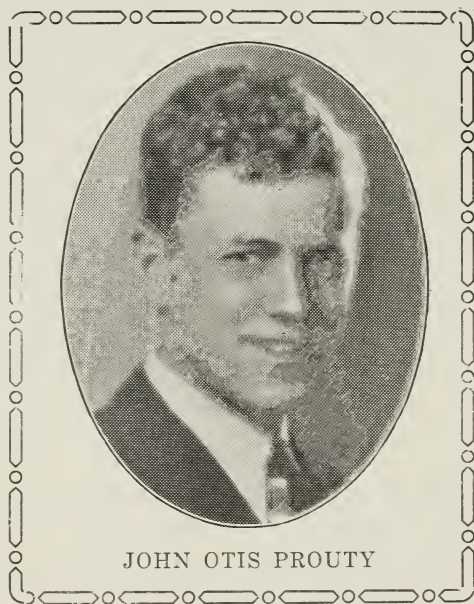
Ellen Bailey, '31

Editors



A loyal alumnus kindly contributed the following information concerning a '26 graduate:

John Otis Prouty is an alumnus of the Scituate High



School, Class of 1926. He is now a Senior in Brown University, Providence, R. I.

He was born in Scituate in 1910, and on February 26 last attained his twenty-first birthday. At Commencement in June, on receiving his degree, he will be one of the younger members of his class; and among the comparatively

small company of students to receive a degree, with honor, from a college so early in life.

His parents were Mr. and Mrs. Clement J. Prouty, also natives of Scituate. John attended the public schools, graduating from the High School in 1926. He spent an additional year here in study, then entered Brown University, from which he is soon to receive his degree.

He has won a number of scholarships and high honors in college. Mention may be made of the "Francis Wayland" in 1929; the "James Manning" in 1930. This year he has received election to "Sigma XI", denoting special honor and standing in mathematics; and recently he was elected to "Phi Beta Kappa," a national society of scholars. During his course he has been an active and faithful member of the Brown Band, numbering seventy musicians. In 1930 he was awarded a large silver cup, known as the "Harris Band Trophy," given for interest and co-operation in the Brown Band. John has been chosen as one of three, out of a class of four hundred and fifty, to deliver an oration at the Commencement in June.

The Scituate High School has graduated a long list of boys and girls of sterling character and high scholarship. These have brought great honor and credit to the school in their subsequent careers. In this list we desire now to include and emphasize the name of John Otis Prouty. As a Scituate boy and an alumnus of our High School his future will be regarded with the greatest interest by a large circle of friends and admirers here and elsewhere.

A. D. S.

NEWS OF OUR YOUNGEST ALUMNI CLASS OF 1930

Annie Barry is assisting in the high school cafeteria.

Livia Bongarzone is employed in the broker's office at the Dreamwold Inn.

Robert Bresnahan is attending the Massachusetts School of Pharmacy.

Gerald Delay is employed by Howard Young.

Ernest Dillon is attending Staunton Military Academy.

George Dwight is working for his father.

Herbert Dwyer is employed as a bellhop in a Boston hotel.

Alwilda Hendrickson is attending the Massachusetts School of Art.

Marjorie Litchfield is attending the New England Conservatory of Music.

Francis Murphy is employed at the Otis Market at Scituate.

Earl Nichols is attending the Wentworth Institute.

Lewis Peters is employed by the Merrill Express Company.

Lenore Shepard is employed in the broker's office at the Dreamwold Inn.

Mary Stewart is employed at Stanley's Bakery Shop at Scituate Harbor.

Robert Taylor is employed at Seaverns' Drug Store at Scituate Harbor.

Samuel Tilden is attending Williston Academy.

Humphrey Turner is employed by the Whiting Milk Company.

Josephine Welch is attending Burdett Business College.

Mary Westington is employed as a bookkeeper at Seaverns' Store at North Scituate.

Malcolm Wilder has recently returned from a trip to California.

Merle Wilder is attending the Massachusetts School of Art.

Elizabeth Willard is attending the Nazarene College in Wollaston.

Mildred Young is attending the Bridgewater Normal School.

Charles A. Colman, '32, Alumni Editor

You've never heard the bee complain

Nor heard it weep and wail;

But if it wishes it can unfold

A very painful tail!

Landlady: "I think you had better board elsewhere."

Boarder: "Yes, I often had."

Landlady: "Often had what?"

Boarder: "Better board elsewhere."



FOOTBALL

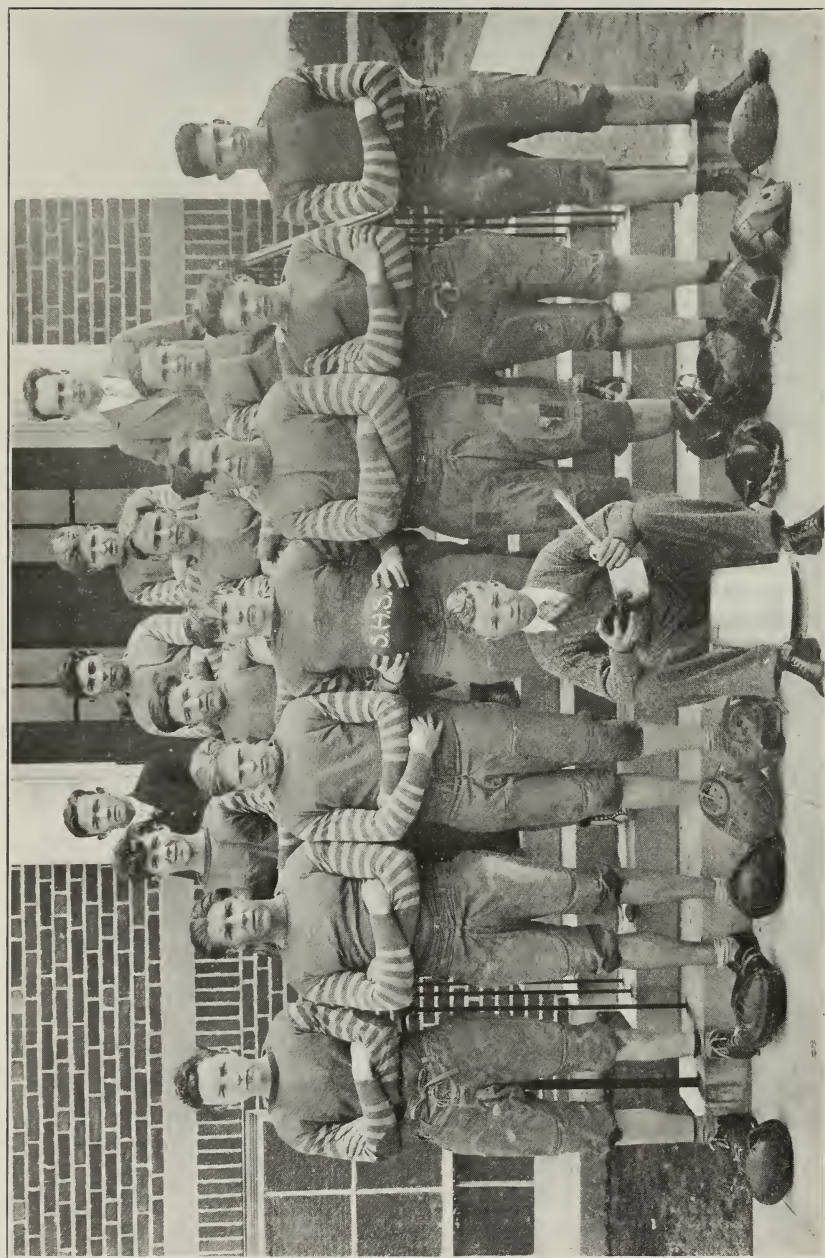
This football season was the best we have had. Although many versatile players had graduated and this year's team was composed of many underclassmen, a very scientific and scrappy team was produced. The teams which we played were very strong and fast but our aggregation was always on top. There will be many seasoned players to start the season next fall. This year we have been fortunate in having as coach for all our sports, except track and swimming, Mr. Ralph Hart, a graduate of Massachusetts Agricultural College.

The scores of the games were as follows:

Scituate	0	Bourne	0
Scituate	14	Kingston	0
Scituate	6	Randolph	0
Scituate	22	Derby	0
Scituate	7	Bourne	7
Scituate	2	E. Bridgewater	0
Scituate	7	Hanover	0
Scituate	6	Marshfield	6

BASKET BALL

During this basket-ball season a very interesting experiment was tried: namely, the putting of two teams of the same playing ability on the floor, one of which was compos-



FOOTBALL TEAM

First row (left to right): C. Schultz, L. Graham, A. Spear,
 Second row: G. Logan, C. Jenkins, R. Vinton, S. Stonefi eld,
 Third row: Manager H. Young, P. Meschini, E. MacDon ald, Coach Ralph Hart. Water boy, C. Stone.

ed of Seniors, and the other of Juniors and two Sophomores. This netted valuable experience to the latter team for next year. We owe this accomplishment to our coach and also to the members of the squad who participated unflinchingly towards this achievement. The schedule of games was as follows:

Jan. 8—Scituate	26	Pembroke	29
Jan. 13—Scituate	20	Marshfield	21
Jan. 16—Scituate	4	East Bridgewater	27
Jan. 20—Scituate	7	Norwell	22
Jan. 23—Scituate	18	Alumni	11
Jan. 27—Scituate	13	Duxbury	12
Jan. 30—Scituate	13	Norwell	35
Feb. 3—Scituate	13	Hanover	18
Feb. 6—Scituate	7	East Bridgewater	28
Feb. 10—Scituate	16	Hanover	22
Feb. 13—Scituate	23	Marshfield	33
Feb. 20—Scituate	17	Pembroke	20
Feb. 27—Scituate	23	Alumni	2
March 3—Scituate	15	Duxbury	30

SWIMMING AND TRACK

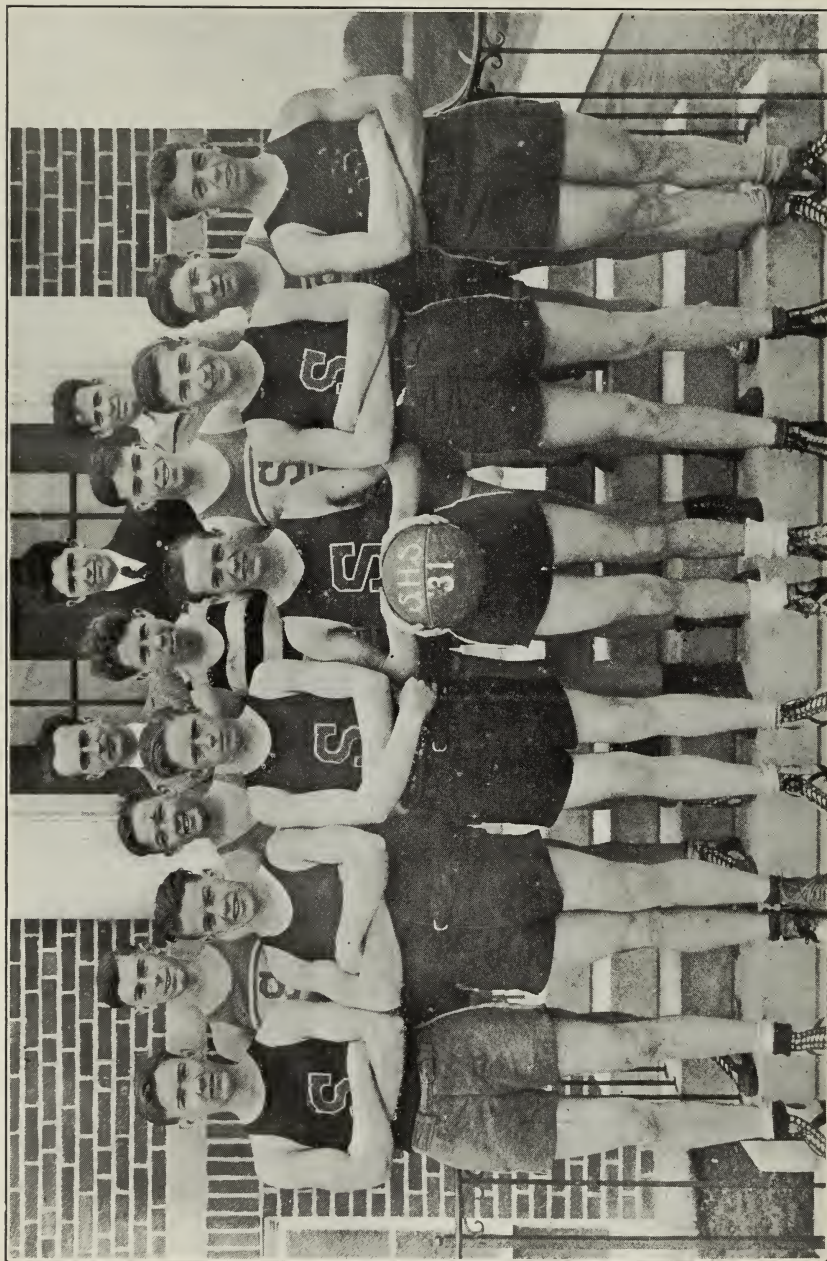
These two teams, under the supervision of Mr. Gillespie, made remarkable showings at the Brockton Y. M. C. A. this winter.

At the swimming meet on February 14, 1931, F. Gosewisch, '31, placed second in the 60-yard freestyle event; R. Breen '32, placed second in 40-yard backstroke; F. Stanley, '33, placed third in 40-yard backstroke.

In the track meet on February 7, 1931, G. Lowell, '31, and H. Young, '32, tied for fourth place in the high jump; J. Barry, '32, placed fourth in the shot put; S. H. S. relay team placed third in the 2-lap relay.

BASEBALL

Baseball is here. However, the weather has been very unfavorable for practice. Thirty boys reported for practice. Half of these are veterans and the veteran infielders look very good.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First row: (left to right): G. Lowell, S. Chipman, A. Spear, S. Stonefield, F. Gosewich, C. Blanchard.
 Second row: D. Parsons, H. Young, R. Breen, W. Curran, C. Jenkins.
 Third row: Coach Ralph Hart, Manager, B. Sweeney, Asst. Manager, George Flaherty.

The battery will be changed and our coach, who is a very good pitcher, will show the pitchers a lot of new "stuff."

The games will probably be played with Norwell, Cohasset, Pembroke, Kingston, Hanover, East Bridgewater and Duxbury.

TENNIS

The present tennis team is getting under way with Manager Donald Parsons taking care of affairs. He has booked nine matches with other schools. He also plans a tournament for all aspiring tennis players with elimination matches to decide the ones who will play on the team.

Burchill Sweeney, '32

Boys' Athletic Editor

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

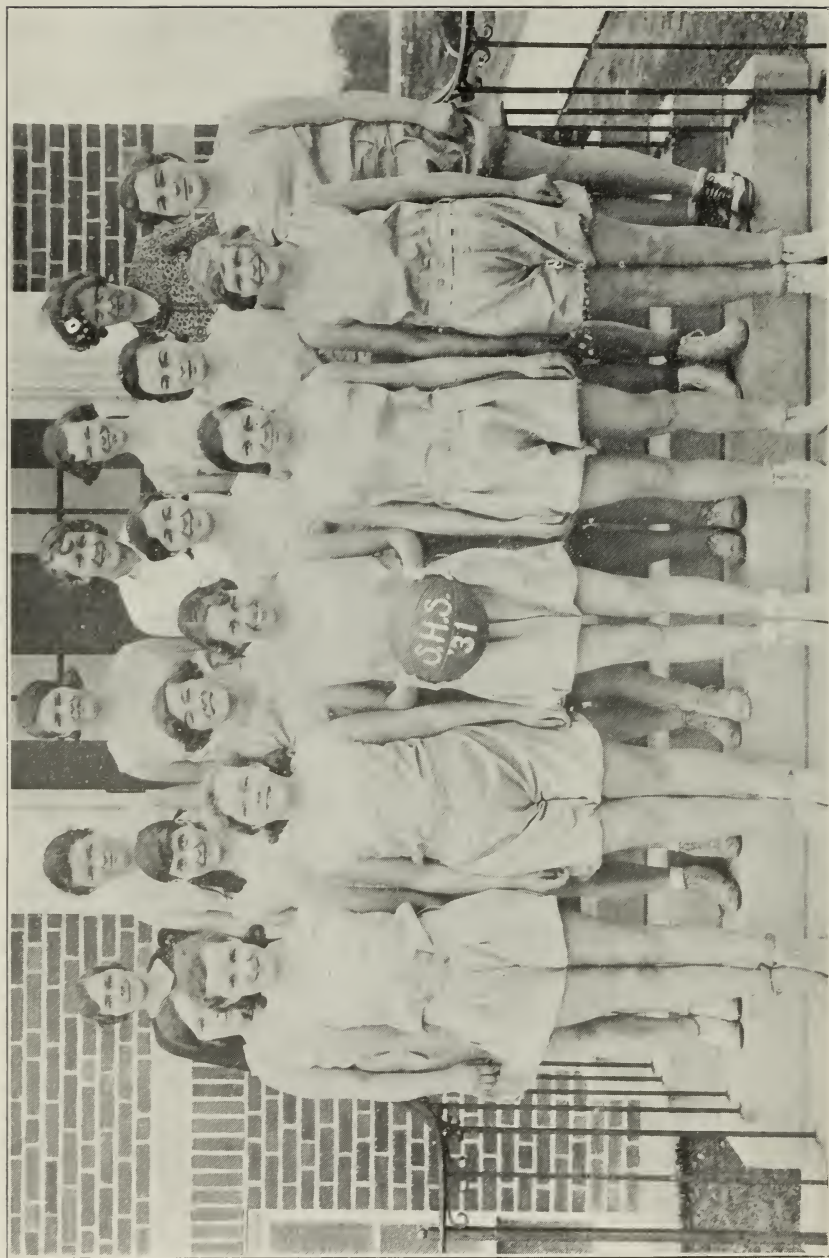
The Physical Education program for the girls has been very extensive this year. Of course our new gym, which allows for a great variety of activities, has made this program possible but we feel that a great deal of credit is due Miss Ruth Whidden, our physical education director.

Correct posture has been the main consideration in our gym classes and we have been transformed from the "hunch backs of Scituate" to girl soldiers that drill just like the Russians. And standing erect is not all we do. No indeed, we turn ourselves completely inside out and up side down on rings, and ropes, and leather horses.

And we have had folk dances and tap routines with which Miss Whidden endeavored to make us graceful and which showed us how really clumsy we were.

Miss Whidden also proved herself an excellent basketball coach and rallied our team into good fighting shape in a very short time.

The following girls were on the basketball squad: Frances Alexander, captain; Louise Nichols, Marjorie Hill, Giertrug Schuyler, Elizabeth Stonefield, Mary Sweeney, Lois Lincoln, Lillian Turner, Alberta Turner, Jeannette Harris, and Ruth Reardon. Dorothy Knox was manager of the team and Virginia Cole was her assistant.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

First row (left to right) : G. Schuyler, G. Turner, F. Alexander, E. Stonefield, G. Chandler.

Second row: L. Turner, L. Lincoln, J. Harris, K. Reardon, M. Hill, L. Nichols.

Third row: Manager D. Knox, M. Sweeney, F. Cummings, Coach Ruth Whidden, M. MacCaffrey, Asst. Mgr. V. Cole.

The results of the games were as follows:

Scituate	11	Pembroke	35
Scituate	29	Duxbury	24
Scituate	25	Marshfield	45
Scituate	26	East Bridgewater	27
Scituate	36	Norwell	8
Scituate	31	Alumni	17
Scituate	33	Duxbury	7
Scituate	35	Norwell	28
Scituate	28	Hanover	35
Scituate	24	East Bridgewater	4
Scituate	26	Hanover	34
Scituate	27	Marshfield	42
Scituate	22	Pembroke	15

Eleanor Kent,
Girls' Athletic Editor

SIXTEEN TO FOURTEEN

The Seniors beat the Junior "B's",
They beat the Freshmen, too:
But with the lusty Sophomores
They met their Waterloo.

The Soph'mores played the Junior "A's"
And lost the game of course,
While all the rooters voiced their praise
Till everyone was hoarse.

Then the Juniors played the Senior "A's"—
Such a game you've never seen
As that loss to the Junior Blue,
Who were led by center Breen.

Then Juniors versus Faculty—
The last game of the year;
With the teachers full of confidence—
The Juniors filled with fear.

The game began quite slowly,
With the teachers first to score
When Murphy made a foul
And Hart sunk it from the floor.

And then the battle started
With vigor and with vim
As Hollis sunk a nice one
With an apologetic grin.

A basket made by Mr. Hart
Put the Juniors in the rear
As the quarter ended slowly,—
And the gang let out a cheer.

The second quarter started well
When "Shelayly" sunk a foul
Which served to tie the score at four
And make the students howl.

But then the teachers showed their stuff
With six points in a row;
And the Juniors' soaring hopes went down
To a steadily failing glow.

A foul was made by Mr. Breen,
Which Hart scored for a point, and then,
The first half stopped, with the Juniors three,
While the teachers had scored ten.

And then the second half began
With vigor filled anew,
As Parsons and Murphy lent a hand—
Each one contributing two.

"Rainbow" Bob got angry then
And sank another shot,
But time was called to cool them off—
Their motors were so hot.

The game was then again resumed
With the Juniors trailing behind,
But Hollis sunk another shot
Which made the Juniors nine.

The quarter ended then, but soon
The final part began;
And Curran sunk a foul try
And raised the score to ten.

But then the teachers rallied strong
With four points to raise the score;
And try as they would, the Juniors could
Not seem to get any more.

A lead of six, the teachers had
With two more minutes to play
And then "Shelayly" sank a shot
That made the crowd hooray.

And then two points by lanky Don,
With the seconds swiftly fleeting,
Helped save the fighting Juniors from
A more disgraceful beating.

Now the game is "History"—
In a very minor way;
But the Juniors never will forget
The battle on that day.

They did their best to beat the "Profs,"
These battling Boys in Blue;
But when the game came to an end,
They still were led by two.

* * * *

But the Juniors are beaten, (which we regret)
By sixteen to fourteen, the game was won,
And the Faculty team is champion yet—
So now I conclude, as my story's done.



Old time restaurant keeper to criticizing young man: "Pies, young feller? Why I made pies before you were born!"

"That's O. K. but why sell 'em now?"

Modern Mother: "Willie, you've been a naughty boy. Go to the Vibrator and give yourself a good shaking."

Mr. Gillespie, in Chemistry: "What is the most outstanding contribution chemistry has given the world?"

Stonefield: "Blonds."

Fresh: "Well, what's worrying you now?"

Ditto: "I was just wondering how many legs you'd have to pull out of a centipede to make him limp."

Boxing instructor after first lesson: "Now have you any questions?"

Dazed Beginner: "Yes, how much is your correspondence course?"

A small boy, reading aloud a lesson about ships, came upon a strange word and stopped.

"Barque," said the teacher.

The boy snickered.

"Barque!" she repeated harshly.

The boy obediently replied, "Bow-wow!"

Mr. Gillespie in Math: "And now we find x equals zero."

Frank disappointedly: "Gosh, all that work for nothing."

Miss Freeman: "What makes you late this morning, Frank?"

Vinal: "Well, er-ah-you see there are eight in our family and—"

Miss Freeman: "Yes, go on."

Vinal: "Well, the alarm was set for only seven!"

Eyeing the small piece of metal with a pained expression a voice from the library was heard to say: "It's the little things that bother us; we can sit on a mountain, but we can't on a tack!"

Natural History Teacher: "Tommy, what's a ground hog? Do you know?"

Butcher's Son: "Yes'm, it's a sausage!"

"Say, did you hear about Hollis?"

"No; what's the matter?"

"Oh, his heart has been giving him trouble so he's gone down to the doctor's to have it stopped."

"Here's my bill," said the Doctor. "I wish you'd pay \$1.00 down and \$25.00 a month."

"Gosh," said the patient, "that sounds like buying an automobile."

"I am!" was the quick reply.

"That remains to be seen," said Jake as he stepped in the fresh cement.

And now we hear of the Scotchman who said in reply to his son's request to attend the centennial celebration: "Not now, my boy, next time."

Old Lady: "Why of course Santa won't hurt you. Why do you ask?"

Boxer's young son: "Well I heard he might give me a sock in the fireplace."

Usher in theatre: "How many, please?"

Exasperated patron: "Well, there were five of us but three died."

CAN YOU IMAGINE — —

Breen with his French done?
 "Lemon" not combing his hair?
 "Ruthie" Damon not singing?
 Logan not grinning?
 "Chippie" without his voice?
 Lonergan not reading the Daily "Record"?
 "Sonny" James without apple pie and ice cream?
 The boys' basketball team winning the championship?
 Eleanor with a part in her hair?
 Sweeney not using his enormous words?
 Finney our football star?
 Glee leaving olives out of the hash?
 Parsons having a tooth-ache?
 Quinn not talking about the girls in Avon?
 Vinton not sputtering?
 Mr. Hart not making football plays?
 "Muscles" our star tackle on the football team?
 Miss Dudley not requiring the weekly word-lists?
 Torrey not "wise-cracking"?
 Agnew not a lover of "gangsters"?
 Art and Stan not going to a dance three times a week?
 Colman without his Latin done?
 "Millie" on time to catch the bus?
 "Frannie" not forgetting something?
 Jenkins behaving in Biology?
 Dwight and Frank not in the "lab"?
 Hollis not hanging around North Scituate?
 George not saying: "What's it all about?"
 Dot MacDonald not "giggling"?
 Virginia Poland not reading "a letter"?
 "Gossy" without his grin?
 Art keeping away from West Quincy?

Don Parsons, '32

Bob Breen, '32

" 'Tis a hard world:" said Tim.

" 'Tis right you are," said Mike, "and I think so more every time I put my pick in it."

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